

HOBSON'S HEROISM.

One of the Most Sublime acts ever Performed in the American Navy.

CERVERA IMPRISONED FOR A CERTAINTY.

Detailed Story of How Lieutenant Hobson and Seven Companions Ran the big Collier Merrimac into the Harbor of Santiago and Sank her, Completely Blocking the Channel—They Courted Death but Never Flinched in the Undertaking—Other Sailors Cried Because they were not Allowed to Accompany the Expedition—A Deed of Daring that Commanded the Admiration of the Spanish Admiral.

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SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 3, 7 a. m.—Via Port Antonio, Jamaica, June 4. —Per the Associated Press dispatch from Dauntless. (Delayed in transmission.)—The following is a detailed story of the heroism performed by Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson and his seven companions in sinking the collier Merrimac across the channel leading into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba.

The Spanish fleet is now helpless, being held captive in Santiago de Cuba harbor. The narrow channel leading into the harbor was completely blocked early this morning when the United States collier Merrimac was sunk across its entrance. It is now impossible for the Spaniards to get out and it is equally impossible for any vessel to get into the harbor. Therefore the Spanish first class armored cruisers Marie Teresa, Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya, and Almirante Oquendo, with the two torpedo boat destroyers Furor and Pluton, are no longer of any use to Spain. This result was accomplished through the heroism of Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson, assistant naval constructor, and Daniel Montague, George Charette, J. C. Murphy, Oscar Deigman, John P. Phillips, John Kelly and H. Clausen. The latter, coxswain of the New York, took part in the expedition against orders. They were all captured by the Spaniards, but the Spanish admiral, in recognition of their bravery, sent word to the American admiral, under a flag of truce, that he was willing to exchange the prisoners and assuring the American commander that they would be treated with the greatest kindness. Money and provisions have been sent to them and the necessary steps are being taken to arrange about their exchange.

Montague is chief master-at-arms of the New York. He has served four years in the navy. He is 29 years of age, and his home is in Brooklyn.

George Charette is a gunner's mate of the first class, on board the New York. He has served fourteen years in the navy. He is 31 years old and resides at Lowell, Mass.

J. C. Murphy is a coxswain of the Iowa.

Oscar Deigman is a coxswain of the Merrimac and is about 24 years old.

John P. Phillips is a machinist of the first class, belonging to the Merrimac. He is 16 years of age and his home is in Boston.

John Kelly is a water tender, about 35 years old. His home is near Glasgow, Scotland.

H. Clausen, who slipped on board the Merrimac without permission in order to take part in the expedition, is a coxswain of the New York.

Hobson's Career. Lieut. Richmond Pearson Hobson, assistant naval constructor, was born at Greensboro, Ala., on August 17, 1870, was appointed after a competitive examination to the naval academy in May, 1885. He was the youngest member of his class but graduated at the head of his eighteen companions. He has studied engineering, under the auspices of the United States government, in France and was made assistant naval constructor in 1891. He is the author of a semi-political work entitled "The Situation and Political Outlook in Europe." He was assigned to the flag-ship New York when Rear Admiral Sampson sailed for the West Indies.

Lieut. Hobson is a nephew of John M. McReath, of North Carolina, and is a grandson of Chief Justice Pearson, of that state. He is unmarried and his father, Judge James M. Hobson, lives at Greensboro, Ala.

The three men from the Merrimac were all green hands and shipped recently for the war. The Merrimac had on board six hundred tons of coal when she was scuttled across the channel.

Lieut. Hobson started on his daring errand at 3 o'clock this morning. The Merrimac was lying to the westward. Under cover of the clouds over the moon she stole in towards the coast and made her way to the eastward, followed by a steam launch from the New York with the following crew on board: Naval Cadet J. W. Powell, of Oswego, N. Y.; P. K. Peterson, coxswain; H. Handford, apprentice of the first class; J. Mullings, coal passer; G. L. Russell, machinist of the second class.

In the launch were bandages and appliances for the wounded.

From the crowded decks of the New York nothing could be seen of the Merrimac after she had got under the shadow of the hills. For half an hour officers and men strained their eyes peering into the gloom when suddenly the flash of a gun streamed out from the New York castle, and then all on board the New York knew the Merrimac was nearing her end. The guns from the Spanish batteries opposite Morro castle answered quickly with more flashes and for about twenty minutes flashes of fire seemed to leap across the harbor entrance.

The flagship was too far away to hear the reports and when the firing ceased it was judged that Hobson had blown up the Merrimac. For an hour the anxious watchers waited for daylight. Rear Admiral Sampson and Capt. Chadwick were on the bridge of the New York throughout.

At 5 o'clock thin streams of smoke were seen against the western shore, quite close to the Spanish batteries, and strong glasses made out the launch of the New York returning to the flagship. Shortly after the small craft bent slightly before a puff of smoke issued from a battery on the western arm of the harbor and a shot plunged far over the beach. Then for fifteen minutes the

big guns ashore kept up an irregular fire on the little launch. As the shells fell without hitting the object they were intended for the men on board the New York jeered the Spanish marksmanship and cheered their shipmates.

At 6:15 a. m. the launch came alongside the flagship; but she did not have on board any of the crew of the Merrimac. Cadet Powell reported that he had been unable to see any signs of the Merrimac's crew. It developed that with great bravery the cadet had gone right under the batteries and only returned when all hope of taking on board the crew of the Merrimac had to be abandoned.

Cadet Powell also reported that he had clearly seen the Merrimac's masts sticking up just where Hobson hoped to sink her, north of the Estrella battery and well past the guns of Morro castle. But of the heroes who had perished the Spaniards in there was not a sound or a sign.

Rear Admiral Sampson said: "I am pretty sure the attempt was quite successful. I hope all those brave fellows are not captured."

Cadet Powell believes the torpedoes previously fixed about the Merrimac were exploded as planned, as Lieut. Hobson was well up the harbor before the Spaniards opened fire on the Merrimac.

What actually happened on board the Merrimac can best be judged from what Lieut. Hobson said just before leaving the flagship. Sitting in his cabin, his face browned by the sun and his eyes flashing with excitement, he remarked:

"I shall go right into the harbor until about 400 yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The Merrimac has 7,000 tons buoyancy and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots. When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard astarboard, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the Merrimac a wreck, lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the Merrimac is long. There are ten 8-inch improvised torpedoes below the water line, on the Merrimac's port side. They are placed on her side against the bulk heads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gun powder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge and they should do their work in a minute and it will be quick even if done in a minute and a quarter.

Complete Preparations. On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be two other men. This is the total crew and all of us will be in our underclothing with revolvers and ammunition in water tight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck and around his waist there will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge on which I will stand. By that man's side will be an axe. When I stop the engine I shall jerk this cord and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashings which will be holding the forward anchor. He will jump overboard and swim to the four canted dingy which I shall lower astern. The dingy is full of life buoys and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow and one at her stern. The first man to reach her will put in the tow line and pull the dingy out to the starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quartermaster at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard astarboard and lashed it so; he will then jump overboard.

"Down below, the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble upon deck and get over the side as quickly as possible.

"The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the Merrimac whether the torpedoes work or not.

"By this time I calculate the six men will be in the dingy and the Merrimac will have swung athwart the channel, to the full length of her 300 yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose. Then all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side. Nothing on this side of New York city will be able to raise her after that."

"And you expect to come out of this alive?" asked a companion of the lieutenant.

"Ah! that is another thing," said the lieutenant. He was so interested in the mechanical details of the scheme that he hardly stopped to talk of life and death.

But in reply to frequent questions, Hobson said: "I suppose the Estrella battery will fire down on us a bit; but the ships will throw their searchlights in the gunners' faces and they won't see much of us. Then if we are torpedoed we should even then be able to make the desired portion in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us and I think the men should be able to swim to the dingy. I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dingy gets shot to pieces we shall then try to swim for the beach right under Morro castle. We shall keep together at all hazards. Then, we shall be able to make our way along-side and perhaps get back to the ship. We shall fight the sentries or a squad until the last and we shall only surrender to overwhelming numbers and our surrender will only take place as a last and almost unconsidered contingency."

Lieutenant Hobson might have been lecturing to a class of cadets on the theory of how to build ships, so deliberately was his manner. He was lately at Annapolis, in charge of the post graduate course in naval construction and in

accounted one of the most able naval constructors in the service, being entirely wrapped up in his profession.

A Great Strain on the Men.

The preliminary work of this desperate undertaking was a strain upon the officers and men. On Wednesday morning directly after Rear Admiral Sampson's arrival and as soon as he was certain the Spanish fleet was in the harbor the preparations to scuttle the Merrimac in the channel were commenced. All day long crews from the New York and Brooklyn were on board the collier, never resting in their efforts to prepare her. She lay alongside the Massachusetts, discharging coal when the work was first begun.

The news of the intended expedition travelled quickly through the fleet and it soon became known that volunteers were needed for a desperate undertaking. From the Iowa's signal yard quickly fluttered the announcement that she had 140 volunteers and the other ships were not far behind. On the New York the enthusiasm was intense.

Over 200 members of the crew volunteered to go into that narrow harbor and face death. The junior officers literally jumped over each other in their eagerness to get their names on the volunteer list.

Commander Miller, who had charge of the Merrimac, pleaded with the admiral to let him go; but the latter thought he had better not.

When it was learned that only six men and Lieutenant Hobson were to go, there was considerable disappointment on all sides and when the New York's contingent went over the side late on Wednesday night, some of those who were left were almost ready, brave and strong as they were, to sit down and cry.

All Wednesday night the crews worked aboard the Merrimac, which then lay close to the New York and the other ships as they passed the collier, before sundown, cheered her with the same spirit that the British men-of-war cheered the American sailors' heroism before Samoa.

Lieutenant Hobson paid a short visit to the flagship shortly before midnight and then returned to the Merrimac, on board of which crew he had been all day. As he started down the sea ladder there were many hands stretched out to grasp him and many quite-spoken, earnest wishes for his success, as it was thought then that Hobson would take the Merrimac in early yesterday morning.

At 3 o'clock the admiral and Flag Lieutenant Stanton got into the launch to make an inspection of the Merrimac. The working gangs were still on board of her and on board the New York the officers of the flagship stood on the quarterdeck, their glasses focused on the big black hull that was to form an impassable obstacle for Spain's best ships.

The minutes slipped by and the crews had not completed their work on the Merrimac, but, at last, a boatload of men, black and tired out, came over to the flagship. Last of all, at 4:30 came the admiral. He had been delayed by a break down of the steam launch.

Dawn was breaking over Santiago de Cuba and nearly everybody thought it was too late for the attempt to be made that morning.

Then somebody cried: "She's going in."

Surely enough, the seemingly deserted collier was seen heading straight for Morro castle.

The torpedo boat Porter was lying near the flagship and, at the admiral's order, Lieut. Stanton snatched up the megaphone and hailed the Porter, saying: "Porter there! Tell Merrimac to return immediately!"

Smoke quickly poured from the Porter's smokestacks and the dark little craft darted toward the shore.

Some time after 5 o'clock the Porter came tearing back and the Merrimac, to every one's surprise, kept her position.

Fremont, from the deck of the torpedo boat, shouted: "Lieut. Hobson asks permission to continue on his course. He thinks he can make it."

But in stern tones the admiral sent Hobson a message to the effect that the Merrimac must return at once, and in due course of time the doomed collier slowly steamed back, her commander evidently disappointed with the order.

Refused to Leave the Ship.

When the Merrimac started yesterday morning on the trip for which she was recalled she had on board of her two men who had no right to be there. They were Assistant Engineer Crank, of the Merrimac, and Boatswain Mullin, of New York, who had been working on the collier all day.

These two men refused to leave the ship, and as their disobedience was of the nature which produced the Cushing and Farragut for the American navy, it was not officially recognized.

The spirit shown by the men and officers of the fleet in connection with the Merrimac expedition is really grand and beyond being merely expressed in words.

Under these circumstances one can imagine the immense feeling of satisfaction experienced when it became known that Hobson and the crew of the Merrimac were safe. Later in the day a boat with a white flag put out from the harbor and Captain Oviedo, the chief of staff of Admiral Cervera, boarded the New York and informed the admiral that the whole of the party had been captured and the only two of the heroes had been injured. Lieut. Hobson had not been injured. It appears that the Spanish admiral was so struck with the courage of the Merrimac's crew that he decided to inform Admiral Sampson that they had not lost their lives but were prisoners of war and could be exchanged.

The fleet to-night is in a state of delighted enthusiasm and the admiral is just as happy as the youngest sailor. The general opinion is that no man ever deserved recognition for personal bravery more than Lieut. Hobson.

Cushing's memorable feat in blowing up the Confederate ram Albatross is overshadowed by Hobson's act, for Cushing's men crept up Albatross sound at midnight and fell upon an unsuspecting foe. Hobson took his ship over three hundred feet long into the very focus of the battery with the enemy at the guns and blew her up. Discovery at the end of his journey was inevitable and death was almost certain. No name, therefore, can be written higher on war's temple of fame than his.

Like Cushing's deed, Hobson's desperate undertaking was conceived by him who executed it.

When Rear Admiral Sampson joined Commodore Schley on Wednesday, the latter had already ascertained that it would be impossible for the fleet to crawl into the rat hole in which the Spanish fleet had taken refuge. The mines across the entrance and the batteries which commanded it made the contemplation of it an act of folly.

Commodore Schley was inclined to think the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius might be able to countermine; but the admiral would have to go in single file, as if one were sunk in the channel the progress of the others would be blocked. It was then that Lieut. Hobson conceived the scheme of sinking a big collier across the harbor entrance and asked to be allowed to execute it himself. It seemed certain death and al-

ANOTHER SPANISH FLEET

Said to Have Been Encountered off the Northwest Coast of Hayti.

AMERICAN SHIPS SAID TO HAVE WITHDRAWN.

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CAPE HAYTIEN, Hayti, June 5—7:40 p. m.—The United States troop ship Resolute formerly the Yorktown, under convoy of the torpedo boat destroyer Mayflower, the converted Ogden Golet yacht of the same name arrived at Mole St. Nicholas yesterday and departed shortly after.

Advices from Mole St. Nicholas say that yesterday (Saturday) some distance off Jean Rabel, a seaport on the northwest coast of Hayti, half way between Port de Paix and Mole St. Nicholas, a combat took place between three Spanish and four American warships.

The American warships are said to have withdrawn from the combat.

One of the Spanish warships entered the harbor of Jean Rabel for water. The officers of ships lying at Mole St. Nicholas were extremely reticent.

Jean Rabel is an insignificant seaport, and there is no telegraphic station there. It is thought possible that the Spanish ships encountered were the vanguard of the Cadiz fleet.

The names of the American ships were not ascertained; but it is believed here that they were probably scouts.

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ST. PIERRE, Martinique, June 5—8 p. m.—The British steamer Twickenham, having remained at Fort de France several weeks without getting permission to land her cargo of 4,000 tons of coal consigned to the Spanish consul, will leave to-night for Jamaica.

There are numerous reports that a fleet was seen off the northwest of the island yesterday, and it may be that the Twickenham goes to coal the ships.

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MADRID, June 5—4p. m.—A dispatch from Barcelona says a well known merchant there has received a dispatch to the effect that on May 27, a Spanish squadron, consisting of three cruisers and three other protected vessels, was seen off the island of Madagascar, proceeding northward.

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KINGSTON, Jamaica, June 5—1 p. m.—A dispatch from Port Antonio says:

"A vessel that has arrived here from Santiago de Cuba reports that the Americans sunk on Friday night the Spanish torpedo boat destroyer Terror."

The assumption, based upon dispatches from Madrid, has been that the destroyer Terror, after leaving Port de France, went to Porto Rico waters and it is probable that the Port Antonio dispatch confuses her with her sister-destroyer, the Furor, as has several times been the case in dispatches from other points.

most certain failure, as the odds were overwhelmingly against her. The entrance before discovery; but Hobson was so enthusiastic that his confidence was infectious and the admiral finally reluctantly gave his consent.

Hobson's Chief Anxiety.

Lieut. Hobson's chief anxiety was that in the dark he might miss the narrow rut and run onto the shoals at the west of the entrance. To prevent the possibility of this, the plan of allowing the Merrimac to run in under the Spanish flag with the fleet in feigned pursuit, firing blank cartridges and blazing the path to the harbor entrance with searchlights was considered but abandoned because, among other reasons, Lieut. Hobson and his volunteer crew did not want to die, if their lives should be sacrificed, under false colors. They wanted to go down with the stars and stripes floating proudly from the Merrimac.

On Thursday morning a start was made, but as the Merrimac steamed forward, Rear Admiral Sampson, pacing the deck of the flagship, looked at his watch and at the streaks in the east and decided that the Merrimac could not reach the entrance before broad daylight. Consequently the torpedo boat Porter, which was alongside, was dispatched to recall the daring officer, Lieut. Hobson, back to a protest with a request for permission to proceed. But the admiral declined to allow him to take the risk and slowly the Merrimac swung about.

During the day Lieut. Hobson went aboard the flagship. His once white duck trousers were as black as a coal heaver's, his old fatigue coat was unbuttoned and his begrimed face, deep furrowed by tense drawn lines, but resolution still shone in his eyes. So absorbed was he in the task ahead of him that, unmindful of his appearance and of all ceremony and naval etiquette, he told the admiral in a tone of command that he must not again be interfered with.

"I can carry the thing through," he said, "but there must be no more recalls. My men have been keyed up for twenty-four hours and under a tremendous strain. Iron will break at last."

Such was the indomitable will and courage with which he faced death and glory.

When Hobson left the ship and the extended hands of his shipmates, more than one of the latter turned hastily to hold the admiral in a tone of command that he must not again be interfered with.

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ENSIGN POWELL'S BRAVERY

Waited in a Steam Launch Under Morro's Frowning Front to Rescue the Merrimac's Crew but was Driven Off by the Spanish Guns.

On Board the Associated Press Dispatch Boat Dauntless, off SANTIAGO DE CUBA, (7 a. m.) June 3, via Port Antonio, Jamaica, June 4. (Delayed in transmission.)—Knowing Hobson's desperate plan, the dispatch boat took up a position at sunset opposite the narrow harbor entrance and just outside the line of the blockading ships.

Now and then a signal light of the fleet winked, and was answered by another up or down the coast. Then more darkness, silence and waiting. The centre of interest, the moon, remained black.

Knowing that one tentative plan was for the fleet to chase the Merrimac in as a pseudo blockade runner, using blank cartridges on her and searchlights to point out to Hobson the harbor entrance, every one waited for this pyrotechnical display. But it did not come; Hobson had apparently chosen the less specu-

lar but equally desperate plan of quietly sinking the forts alone and in darkness. Black cloud banks to the westward had hidden the moon for two hours before its setting, depriving Hobson of his own wish for just a bit of light to guide him in under the Spanish guns.

Fate could scarcely have been harder. At 3 the moon showed for a few minutes, blood red, in a hand's breadth opening of the clouds just on the horizon, and then it was extinguished in the sea.

"Too late," said every one. "He will never have time to run in by that."

Almost at the same moment dawn broke in the east as quietly as night had fallen the previous evening. To the eastward, just where the Merrimac lay last night, loomed up the black shadow of a vessel.

"He has missed his chance," was the remark.

There the collier lay, spread in the southern brilliancy.

Suddenly a dazzling flash, like a heliograph ray, leaped from the battlements, followed by a slow spreading cloud of white smoke. There was no report, but far up the coast a white jet of spray leaped from the sea. The battleships were waking up.

Glasses were trained where the Merrimac had been. She was gone. The Vixen had been mistaken for her in the uncertain morning light. Glasses swept the horizon searching for the Merrimac. She was nowhere visible. Bright flashes and billowing smoke rose from point to point where the harbor batteries were located. The Spaniards were awake, sure enough, and buzzing like an upset hive.

What they were shooting at.

"Hobson has run in on them and fooled us all," was said, "but," it was added, "what are the idiots shooting at?"

The spraying shells rose everywhere, beyond the Brooklyn and inside the Texas, but the fire was seemingly concentrated westward, close to the shore. There a tiny thread of smoke disclosed their target, the New York's launch, which Ensign Powell had gallantly held close under Morro's walls until after daylight, when, driven out by the fire of the big guns, he had run far up the shore, under the partial cover of the bluffs and had turned and eventually boarded the Texas out of range. Then he passed to the New York.

Lying closer in than the warships, Powell had seen the firing before daylight, when the Merrimac and her dard-dart crew, then well inside Morro castle, were probably first discovered by the Spaniards.

He also heard an explosion which may have been caused by Hobson's torpedoes. The ensign was not sure. He waited, vainly hoping to rescue the heroes of the Merrimac, until he was shelled out by the forts.

The fleet, seeing the launch return, crowded close in shore to learn the news and, learning it, went in closer still, hoping to draw the Spanish fire, but the forts remained silent.

Yesterday afternoon when the Merrimac lay "stripped to the buff" for her last desperate run, she was inspected by the Associated Press correspondent. With hatchets off, gnawing cargo ports swung back and everything valuable removed save her engines and 2,200 tons of coal, that scarcely seemed to count in her cavernous hold, she was not an inviting spectacle.

The seven men who were to risk their lives in her were as cheerful as school boys on a frolic, despite twenty-four hours sleeplessness and hard work.

Matter-of-fact Heroism.

Words cannot paint the cool, matter-of-fact heroism of these enlisted men, so calmly confident of success of their audacious undertaking, so implicitly trustful in their young lieutenant who was to lead them, so oblivious to everything except that they were going in. They

did not speak of coming out, with the exception of Deigman, who said nonchalantly: "Oh, guess we stand a fair show of getting out; but they can't stop us going in; this last in a most matter-of-fact style, as though going in was the only point worth considering. So it was to them. This was every day heroism, heroism in overalls, black with oil and coal dust from ankle to eye-brow. Lieutenant Hobson, despite his uniform, was almost as dirty and dishevelled as his men, with forty-eight hours growth of beard, eyes sunken for lack of food and sleep, and hands as black as a coal heaver's, but the hands were cool and firm in their grasp, as though he were going on parade and nothing could dull the fire of those sunken hazel eyes.

Reserved, but courteous even to gentleness, he spoke briefly of his plans. He spoke as his men had spoken—of going in, nothing of coming back except this, just at passing:

"Now, pardon me, but in case you gentlemen write anything of this expedition, please don't say anything individually about its members until you know."

SPANISH SPIES

Who Are Operating in Montreal Will no Doubt be Expelled from Canada in Short Order.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—Steps have been taken by which it is expected that Lieutenant Carranza, who has conducted the Spanish spy system from Montreal with his associate, Senor DuBouc, former first secretary of the Spanish legation here, will be expelled from Canada within the next few days unless they adopt their own means of leave before an international question is raised as to their presence in Canada. The Carranza letter, detailing his spy system, was communicated to the British ambassador, Sir Julian Pauncefote, together with all other information bearing on the operations of the Spanish officials in Canada.

The ambassador was quick to act in the matter and without waiting the slow process of the mail called the entire matter to the foreign office. No doubt is entertained as to the speedy action of the authorities at London, now that a specific case has been made out against the Spanish officials in Canada.

CONGRESSIONAL AFFAIRS

War Revenue Bill Passed the Senate and It Will now Go to a Conference Committee—The Hawaiian Annexation Measure to be Presented to a Vote. Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—Notwithstanding the war revenue bill is now practically out of the way, having passed the senate Saturday, the action of the conference committee being expected to consume but a few days, congress is not likely to adjourn before the 20th of June, if then. It is understood to-night that the annexing of Hawaii is to be brought forward in both houses immediately after the reference of the measure, probably Tuesday. That it will provoke discussion is certain, but whether the anxiety of members to get home will cause a compromise, or will effect postponement of the resolution, cannot be stated. It is conceded that there is a large majority in the house in favor of annexation, and that the majority may insist upon immediate action. Should the house vote upon the resolution within a reasonable time, there is a possibility of action by the senate at the session, though the majority in that body in its favor is not so large, proportionately, as in the house.

The president is anxious for annexation of Hawaii and has within the past few days sought opportunity to impress his views upon members of both houses. It is believed he has appealed for immediate action and the remark recently quoted from Senator Elkins that he was willing to remain here until the frost of autumn comes, if necessary to secure control of Hawaii, is but the reflex of the opinions of many. Should the President insist, congress is likely to yield, since there is said to be a clear majority in both houses in favor of annexation.

Speaker Reed is understood to have said he would not oppose a vote upon the proposition of the friends of the measure would defer action until after the war revenue bill was out of the way. It was surmised he took the step believing the anxiety of the members to get away from Washington would leave the house without a quorum, but the annexationists say they will force a vote and then go home. The country cannot be much longer deferred.

Senators Elkins and Faulkner were together when the final vote was taken upon the prior bill during its progress through the senate. Senator Elkins voted for the amended bill and it was stated on the floor that Senator Faulkner would have voted aye had he been present. He was paired.

Senator Elkins has taken his family to their country home, where they will remain during the summer. The senator will return to the city Wednesday.

CAPT. GRIDLEY'S DEATH

At Kobe, Japan—Commanded Olympia in the Manila Fight.

WASHINGTON, June 5.—Captain Charles V. Gridley, commander of the cruiser Olympia, and one of the heroes of the brilliant victory at Manila, is dead. The announcement of his death was received by the navy department late this afternoon in a cablegram from Paymaster Galt, of the navy, dated at Kobe, Japan, June 4, and directed to Secretary Long. The dispatch contained the simple statement: "Captain Gridley died to-day. Remains accompany me as Captive."

Captain Vernon Gridley is the first American officer of great prominence whose death is a direct result of the existing war with Spain. As a commander of Admiral Dewey's flagship, and one of the admiral's chief advisers, Captain Gridley achieved distinction.

Captain Gridley leaves a wife and three children—two daughters and a son—who are now residing at Mrs. Gridley's father, Judge Vincent, at Erie, Pa. His mother, Mrs. Ann Eliza Gridley, and his brother, Lucius, reside in this city, the former being a clerk in the patent office and the latter an employee in the treasury department. All of the relatives were notified of his death as soon as the information reached the navy department.

Weather Forecast for To-day. For West Virginia, generally fair; north easterly winds, becoming variable. For Western Pennsylvania and Ohio, fair; light easterly winds.

Local Temperature.

The temperature Saturday as observed by C. Schuchman, at street, corner Market and Fourteenth streets, was as follows:

7 a. m.	65	7 p. m.	68
9 a. m.	74	7 p. m.	68
12 m.	85	Weather-Fair.	

SUNDAY.

7 a. m.	65	8 p. m.	68
9 a. m.	70	7 p. m.	68
1			